

The Manchester Journal.

FRANKLIN H. GRIFFIN, Editor.

TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1871.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,

F. W. BOYD.

OF MANCHESTER.

KING WILLIAM AND THE CROWN PRINCE.

King William labors under a delusion of the mind that he rules the German people by divine right, and that they have nothing at all to say about the matter. He is too dull and stubborn to yield his opinion to argument or persuasion; and his military success will doubtless gain for his ideas of government a respect which they do not deserve. But the King is old, and his son will soon succeed him. The son is said to entertain views upon the question of government which are much more liberal than those of the present ruler. Bismarck is the great supporter of absolute rule; but Bismarck and the Crown Prince are hardly on speaking terms, and when the old king dies Bismarck dies with him. Thus it is possible that before many years the German Empire may acquire some of the elements of popular government without passing through the agony of revolution. But if the Crown Prince should assume the present King's theories when he ascends the throne, the next war which Germany engages in may be an internal one, and waged not to conquer territory for an absolute monarch, but to secure the just rights of the sovereign people.

THE TWO GREAT POWERS.

Even the little congratulatory notes of monarchs who are so powerful that they do not feel called upon to conceal their sentiments and intentions, are objects of considerable interest to the world at large. Especially interesting are the following specimens of royal courtesy which have recently passed between the new Emperor of Germany and the Czar of Russia.

The Emperor writes the Czar as follows:

"We have arrived at the end of a glorious and bloody war, which was precipitated by the frivility of the French Prussia remembers that you prevented the spread of the war. God bless you."

To which the Czar responds:

"I share the joy which is felt by my illustrious brother, and hope for a durable peace. I have proved a devoted friend. The happiness and glory of Russia and Prussia are now insured."

The words of the Emperor are an acknowledgement that the great success of Germany was due to the friendly attitude of Russia, which prevented the interference of other powers while the ruin of France was being accomplished; and that he feels under an obligation to reciprocate the kindness thus shown at the earliest opportunity. The words of the Czar intimate that his services have fully deserved the greatest kindness expressed by his brother, the Emperor, and that he expects to receive substantial benefits from that kindness when the Russian armies move upon Constantinople. The common sentiment of the two rulers may be translated thus: War between us would only weaken us both; united, we can take whatever we like. This is all very fine for William and Alexander, but it may not seem equally agreeable to the small nations around, who are liable to find themselves annexed to their powerful neighbors at any time, without even the civility of a reasonable notice.

THE PRUSSIAN OCCUPATION OF PARIS.

No one can blame the Prussian government and soldiers for their desire to make a triumphant entry into the captured capital of France. It is one of the rewards of a successful campaign which is usually accorded to a victorious army in a foreign country; and the same people who now claim it as a reward of their success, have tasted its bitterness in days of military disaster and disgrace. About sixty years ago, Napoleon overthrew the military power of Prussia in one great battle; and the King of Prussia fled from the field of fences and ditchies, a fugitive from his capital and almost an exile from his kingdom. In a few days, Napoleon made himself master of every remnant of the Prussian army, and every fortified place in the country. There must be many old residents of Berlin who remember the triumphant entry of the conqueror into the Prussian capital, and the occupation of the city by the Grand Army of France. From the royal palace of the Hohenzollerns, the French Emperor issued proclamations to his army, and signed his famous Decree at the commerce of Great Britain. He visited Potsdam, and took the sword of the Great Frederick from his tomb, and sent it to Paris as a trophy of war. Remembering all this, we cannot wonder that the Prussians do not feel disposed to go very far out of their way to save Paris from the degradation of being occupied by a foreign army.

But there are other points upon which the conduct of the German government is much more liable to censure. To revenge themselves upon the present generation of Frenchmen by occupying Paris is a small thing; but their attempt to inflict poverty and misery upon the laboring classes of France for generations to come is a matter in which every friend of humanity is concerned. We do not remember another instance in the history of civilized nations of a demand upon the future resources and prosperity of a people so exorbitant and unrelenting as the demand which Germany now proposes to enforce upon France. A defeated nation must expect to pay a heavy penalty for engaging in an unsuccessful war; but the common prosperity of mankind is injured when that nation is brought so low that it has no prospect of repaying, by years of application and economy, its former condition of prosperity and usefulness. Such is likely to be the position of France by the time the Germans are through with it. She will have by far the largest national debt in the world, with an impoverished and diminished population for the great burden to rest upon. There is scarcely a possibility of their being able to reduce the debt; and it will take additional hours of toll from the common people, and the labor of women, children and old men, to pay the interest upon it. The course of the German Government simply tends to make every poor man in France a beggar, and the ancestor of a race of beggars.

Correspondence.

PAW PAW GROVE, ILL.,
February 26th, 1871.

Mrs. Orliss & Co.

You will find enclosed \$1.50. I don't know how we could keep house without the JOURNAL. I can tell you it is a welcome visitor here in our family. When the JOURNAL arrives all mouths are shut but the readers, and all ears are open.

We have been having a great deal of snow, some six weeks good sleighing, which is a very rare thing. Most of our east and west roads are completely blocked up. The weather is not very cold, and it is certainly the most pleasant winter out of seventeen that I have spent in the west.

CHARLTON CITY, MASS., Feb 22, 1871.

Friend Orliss.

Enclosed please find receipt for JOURNAL to the close of the 13th vol., and place to my credit. Having taken it from the beginning, we surely cannot spare it now. Our weekly visits bring dear old Manchester, with its pure and healthful atmosphere, its rich scenery, and above all, the many dear friends we left there, vividly to remembrance. Sad and joyous scenes, like the lights and shadows of your own mountains and valleys, pass in review, when we think of the loved ones we have laid away there in Delford Cemetery, awaiting as we trust a glorious immortality: of the sympathy of friends, and of the sweet hours spent in social and in Christian intercourse. We have strong attractions there, and we cannot do without the JOURNAL, it comes promptly, and without flattery, we feel sure that you will make it what the people want, a good paper.

As for ourselves, we enjoy life here in our rural retreat, although at present we are in a hard job, getting half a million of lumber ready for the steamer saw-mill which is soon coming to cut it out. And the job is especially hard for lack of snow, although Charlton is on the height of land between Boston and Springfield. I thought I had numbered it enough, but a well-tended farm offered at a very reasonable figure was too much of a temptation for me to resist.

Kind regards to yourself and family, and all inquiring friends.

Yours very truly,
J. W. B.

NEW YORK, March 3, 1871.

Mr. Editor.

I begin to think you are to be classed among the benefactors of the age. The impression has prevailed, in olden times, that Vermont was a remote and somewhat indefinite region somewhere "down East," that its inhabitants were skilled in the diplomacy connected with the vending of "Yankee Notions," and the far-famed Green Mountain ranges, were the abodes of wild animals and beasts of prey, to such an extent, that to be inhabitant an Ethan Allen body guard might be desirable. But here comes the Manchester JOURNAL with its new Editor and in its new dress, and in so charming a spirit that all our fears vanish, for certainly, this is an evidence not only of civilization, but of progress in civilization.

"Where is that place, Manchester?" said a neighbor friend the other day, who was looking over my shoulder while reading the JOURNAL. Why Manchester, the reply was, is at the "Equinox," and as in the calendar, the action of the sun on, and about these times is supposed to give tone to the seasons, so, in the pleasure loving and comfort taking world this place controls the actions and the movements of the world of men—and women of course. Why he asked again, in almost breathless astonishment—"how can these things be"—a natural consequence, the reply was—just as the needle is attracted by the pole, so this attracts the cultivated and refined from the four points of the compass, and in its season of greatest attraction the Fifth Avenue in N. Y. and Madison Square are in a measure depopulated, and the aristocratic homes of the surrounding States are deserted—even the "Hib" has its delegation, and the quiet retreat of the student too—all these interests and many more are here represented, for the great and controlling reason, that here both nature and art in their liveliest forms and aspects, present one of the happiest combinations to be found in this Western Hemisphere.

"Stop!" says the enquirer, "tell me no more, I must see this place for myself—when shall we go—I suggested that the season for greatest enjoyment might be the summer solstice, as then the controlling forces were in their greatest vigor, and there mutual attraction brought hosts together from distant climes and different tongues, and here under the charming influences of the "Equinox" become assimilated into one community of enjoyment and bliss. "Wonderful!" "Beautiful!" "Lovely!" was all the reply made.

From this Mr. Editor you can see something of the influence you are exerting—may it continue to enlarge in the right direction. Save a quiet nook for the subscriber, and send on the JOURNAL.

Yours, W. S.

Our correspondent W. S. is disposed to be very complimentary to us, and the Equinox House; but as he insists that he had a good time in Manchester, and is coming again, we conclude he "feels" all he says particularly in regard to the good time at the "Equinox;" we will try and have the "house in order" for him and his friends, and will see that the JOURNAL is sent regularly every Tuesday morning to his address.

Extract from a letter from the Rev. Dr. B. S. Storrs to Col. Hawley. Dated Liv., April, Feb. 15, 1871.

You will perhaps be surprised to receive a note from me written on this side of the Atlantic. But after my daughter's marriage, it was proposed by my congregation that I should go to Europe for a while, with Mrs. Storrs and our younger daughters, to see if some months of travel and rest in the old world would not restore the vigor and spirits which I had in a measure lost. So we sailed on the first of this month, in the steamer "Russia." On Saturday morning last we were here for breakfast. We had a pleasant and rapid voyage, suffered

comparatively little from sea-sickness, and found very pleasant company on the ship. We are staying here for a day or two, to see the town and to get rested after the voyage. Shall go to London before the end of the week, and from there across the continent. We hope to be in Italy by the middle of March.

We shall be abroad until Fall, without

doubt, and may not return home till after the next winter.

We have most pleasant recollections of our last Summer at Manchester—the cheerful rooms, the cool shade, the seats on your piazza, the pleasant talks and walks and drives, and the many agreeable people whom we met. I hope your health continues to be as good as when we were with you, and that Mrs. Hawley and your daughter, and Miss Munro are all well.

Please present to them our kindest remembrances.

"Should we get home again, and find ourselves once more at Manchester, we should have a chance to talk over the European journeys in the long evenings, which you enjoy under the Equinox mountain. We shall see, no doubt, a great many interesting things here, but I am sure we shall see no brighter or more cheerful and prosperous village than yours, in any part of the world."

Most truly yours,

R. S. STORRS, JR.

— EAST DORSET, February 27, 1871.

EDITOR OF JOURNAL:

Dear Sirs.—The dwellers in our little valley were duly surprised and delighted on being informed, a week or so ago, that the Shakers had missionary designs upon us and would appear among us in force on Friday the 25 inst., to enlighten and for aught we knew to convert us. Young America began to whistle "shake away Daniel!" in uncoupled glee, while older folks shook their heads a little over the threatened invasion. But we are like the ancient Athenians, greatly enjoying either the telling or hearing of new things; and therefore a crowded house awaited the coming of Friend Evans and his converts.

I presume the JOURNAL's Able Special was present, but did not observe any "chief among us taking notes," and so will send along my jottings which may be cast into your "Balalaik basket" if the Special has foreseen me.

The little church was packed to overflowing at the appointed hour, eagerly awaiting the arrival of the deputation, who had been holding a morning meeting in Danby. At length there came the unmistakable bustle which announces the arrival of the *dramatis personae*, and in a moment they stood before us—eight live Shakers, evenly divided between the male and female persuasions. The men in dark blue overcoats and broad-brimmed hats; the women in dark drab cloaks, and the well-known shaker bonnets. These latter certainly did have a cool look, but each sister was provided with a long white tippet, such as is known among us Gentiles, as a cloud, but that seems too airy and frivolous a name for any Shaker habiliments. They immediately proceeded to take off their wraps in the most business-like manner, and presently stood before us in—well, undarned beauty! The brethren all had that same "child-like and bland" appearance to which allusion has been made.

The Shakers alone possessed the philosopher's stone—the true secret of happiness. They alone were contented, and it appealed to the audience to know if happiness was not depicted on each Shaker countenance before us. So we looked at them sharply, and it can't be denied that they had that same "child-like and bland" appearance to which allusion has been made.

He continued to tell us, without positive insult either, that we were a miserable, unhappy, "onery" looking set of blighted beings. Most of us knew it, he said, and those who didn't know it only revealed the depth of our degradation.

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